

Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

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SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 5, 1915

How can any business man maintain that there is no sanctity in a contract, even between nations?
Charles W. Eliot.

A Fat Sheep For Sacrifice

If there had been anywhere any hope among democrats that Mr. Bryan would put any restraint upon himself and permit the preparedness program of the president to be enacted by congress, it must have been definitely removed by Mr. Bryan's statement on Thursday of his reasons for not immediately joining Mr. Ford's peace expedition.

"I came to New York to explain to Mr. Ford more fully than I could by wire my reasons for believing that just now I can render larger service here opposing the attempts to increase the appropriations for the army and navy than I could by going with him on the peace ship.

"I have seen Mr. Ford and laid my reasons before him, and he recognized the right of those reasons. I desire to add that I am in hearty sympathy with the effort he is making, and hope to join the party at The Hague. As the date of their arrival at The Hague is not yet known, I cannot fix the date for my departure."

Just what relation there may be between the adoption by this country of a defense plan and the bringing about of peace in Europe, we do not understand, though Mr. Bryan seems to regard the keeping of the United States in a state of unpreparedness, as a larger service in the interest of peace abroad than any other that can be performed.

We can hardly think that Mr. Bryan believes, or that if he believes, he would admit his belief that peace could be brought about in this way, though we must confess that there might be some efficiency in his plan of unpreparedness: for instance, if the United States can be kept in a state of helplessness, the fighting nations of Europe may be brought into accord by the common recognition of the United States as an easy prey. By their conquest of it, they could quickly recoup themselves for their vast expenditures during the last fourteen months.

The whole western continent would be thrown open to them for expansion. Almost without an effort they could obtain in a few months what years of fighting in Europe could not bring to the victor at last. There is wealth enough in the United States and territory enough in the western hemisphere to satisfy European ambitions and cupidity for the next century. Then why all this slaughter and expenditure? Let us have peace. So, the hostility of two fighting lions might be arrested and an amicable understanding between them, established by the entrance of a fat sheep into their vicinity.

Mr. Bryan is determined that the United States shall remain a fat sheep. We are not sure whether his determination contemplates an offering of this country on the altar of peace in Europe or whether he is seizing upon the fat sheep issue as a means of placing himself above the president as the national leader of the party. It may be, as we have heretofore remarked, that peace is an obsession of Mr. Bryan for which he would sacrifice even his country. But we think that peace is less an obsession with Mr. Bryan than Bryanism for which he would sacrifice the world. If Mr. Bryan is not very honest, we may be thankful that he is not very wise, and has never been wise, and that country has been saved from the results of his folly as a party leader in the past.

We do not think that the country will feel the effect of his folly now. He may succeed in disrupting his party but we believe that the president will find among the progressive and republican members of congress a sufficient aid to the administration members to enact a law giving the country an adequate system of defense.

We Were First to Blame

Some impatient Americans are complaining because of the slowness of Carranza in restoring order in Mexico. They seem to think that having secured the recognition of the United States for his de facto government, that instrument in some magical way ought of itself have a pacific effect upon the country. The complaint of the impatient is based upon the fact that Americans are being mistreated in Mexico; that they are being held around at the end of ropes, shot at by drunken Mexicans and otherwise, humiliated and scared. These outrages, however, are always committed by Villa soldiers over whom Carranza has not yet had time to establish physical jurisdiction.

Our government is largely responsible for the state of things of which we complain. Up to the time when this government formally recognized the de facto government and though it had been long since evident that Villa must be defeated, we permitted the shipment of arms into Mexico, to whatever faction could buy them.

It would not have taken a very imaginative person to believe that the arms and ammunition pouring over the border would soon be used by the

scattering soldiers of Villa in bandit warfare. And that is what the Villa warfare is rapidly becoming. It is being directed not only against the federal forces but against peaceful citizens, Americans and against all who may offer a prospect of being able to pay a ransom.

It will not be long before Villa, if he is not captured and executed, will be the leader of a more formidable band of bandits than that which became a nucleus for his element in the revolution.

We must bear with Carranza for his inability at once to make things safe for Americans in Mexico, inasmuch as this government has contributed so largely to the conditions which make it unsafe for Americans to be in that country.

The Revel in "War Munition Stocks"

Persons who have been taking part in the mad revel of the "war munition stocks," and those who may even still be tempted to plunge into the vortex of this wild financial delirium, should pause and consider the intrinsic value of the stocks. They are predicated on their expectations of "easy money" upon balloon values. They should not be deceived as to the real and basic value of these "war munition stocks" by any large dividends declared in times like these. These large dividends at present do not guarantee—far from it—that such dividends or anything approaching them will be permanent. Such distributions of money, which for the moment may dazzle the eyes or stun the senses of the unwary, do not represent the intrinsic value of the stocks.

The inexperienced and the experienced speculator alike are in a sea of uncertainty even as to the immediate future speculative value of the stocks, but they are not in a sea of uncertainty as to the ultimate value of the stocks with which some persons are gambling with the fervor of those who are fired to Monte Carlo. The time of reckoning will follow the thorough financial dissipation just as certainly as night follows day. It always does. Then, along with the list of those who may have lost money, will follow the gruesome list of the financially killed and injured. And that list will not be pleasant to contemplate.

Let it be remembered that these war munition stocks must in the end settle down to their real worth, and if that happens to be less than the price paid, the purchaser loses. If the price paid is greatly in excess of the real value, in cases where large dividends are declared, the purchaser may lose more than he gains from large dividends.

It is a dangerous financial game that the gamblers in war munition stocks are engaged in, and to many of those who are hysterically assembled about the board, playing their hand, often emptying it, the reward will not be a basket of glittering gold, the vision of which ensnares their imaginative minds, but a basket of the disappointing Apples of Sodom.

Future Foreign Trade

Dispatches report the arrival in this country of five members of the French Industrial and Commercial commission, who have come to this country to arrange for the purchase of materials to be used after the war. Announcement is made that at least \$100,000,000 will be spent. The articles required are structural iron and steel, machinery, and industrial supplies.

It may be inferred from the above that plans are already well under way for the rebuilding of French industries. As the male population of France will be much reduced by the time the conflict comes to an end, French manufacturers foresee the need of installing much labor-saving machinery. The French buyers say that before the war France paid Germany more than a million and a half dollars a year for industrial supplies, and that in the future all this trade will be given to the United States.

These new commercial connections are probably the forerunners of many which will come to this country when hostilities end. Russia and Belgium will be in the market for quantities of building supplies and industrial machinery. The United States will undoubtedly have a large share of this business. The Teutonic powers are not well pleased with us, but they will probably prefer buying what they must buy from us to patronizing their late foes.

How long we may enjoy that commercial preference is a question. Just now the warring powers feel that they will have nothing to do with each other in trade. But nations forgive and forget more quickly than do individuals, in witness whereof may be cited the spectacle of Russia and Japan as allies, and the astonishing spectacle of Bulgaria and Turkey fighting side by side for the same cause. When the post-war orders begin to come in, our manufacturers will make hay while the sun shines. But they will be wise not to count on holding this new trade except on a competitive basis.

Without large advertisement, and, indeed, almost as if it was an ordinary everyday journey of fact, Victor Carlstrom made an aeroplane journey from Toronto, Ontario, to New York City the other day, which only a few years ago would have made a world-wide sensation. With only one stop to overcome a slight attack of dizziness, he made the run of 600 miles in 400 minutes. As the aviator traveled at an average speed of ninety miles an hour—if the integrity of the timepiece can be relied upon, it will be realized that he did not slacken speed to obtain photographic birdseye views of the landscape.

Next year will be a leap year, and if woman exercises her prerogative, bachelors face a crisis in other directions besides the possibility of having to pay an increased income tax.

WILL WAR BEGIN NEW AGE?

Annals may find a division for the eighth age in the European conflict. We now are said to be in the seventh age. The first age was from the creation to the deluge, the second ended with Abraham's entrance into Canaan, the third with the exodus from Egypt, the fourth with the founding of Solomon's temple, the fifth with the capture of Jerusalem and the sixth with the birth of Christ. The average length of time of the first six ages is 666 years. We are long past due for the beginning of the eighth age.

ANN MATILDA JONES POETESS

Her Reflections in Prose and Verse

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(CHAPTER VII.)

It is true that the real poets of the world have laid aside their singing robes, and we now have only fitful and feeble minstrelsy from the lesser singers. This is the idea advanced in the November Scribner, in a verse sonnet by Louis Untermeyer, a poet of fair renown. It is entitled "Portrait of a Poet." The sextet of the piece is all I care to reproduce as it well illustrates the author's intention.

"He hawks his passion of assorted brands,
Romantic toys and fancies of desire;
Marionettes that plead at his command,
And the pale fireworks that he takes for fire."

Rockets that sputter feebly—and expire.
And he is pleased and proud and warm
In the pale fireworks that he takes for fire.
Evidently Mr. Untermeyer does not mean to "warm his hands" at any thing less than a poetic conflagration provided, possibly, with a "self-starter." Later on, in these papers, I hope to take into account some of the causes underlying in my judgment the decadence of the poetic art in these latter days. Meantime some of my own poetic thoughts.

A CONTINUOUS REEL

Send his moving-picture hero
Ours his horses were down in zero;
Now he finds that there are many
Lovely girls in love with him
Making him their fond objective.
Some have Venus, some have Mars pro-
prietive;

In the meantime to their vision
These grow strangely small and dim.

So, his inclination carries,
Along the Julius and the Marys,
And a half a dozen others

Taken singly out to lunch.
But at last, he has decided
That not one shall be eluded;

Each shall be his dainty dainties—
All the whole delightful bunch.

Maidens do not squirm, nor quibble,
Let the playful golden nibble
Following his own sweet fancy.

When to bite the baited hook,
When you come to understand him,
One of you will surely land him;

That if you are not disappointed—
There are others in the brood!

Some years ago I was visiting
In Kansas, when the sunflower was
Blooming profusely in every part
Of the state, and I was inspired—or
May be only incited—to write these lines:

TO THE SUNFLOWER

O, Sunflower, blooming in Kansas,
And fair as the page of her fame!
The poet applauds you in stanzas,
The orator caupheth your name!

Your yellow disc glows like a beacon,
A type of fidelity true
That never shall waver, nor weaken,
And we are as loyal to you!

Your honors—how proudly you wear
'em!
The kiss of your lord you have won,
And you are his "Light of the
Harlem!"

That fiery old Sultan, the Sun!
ANN MATILDA JONES.
(To Be Continued.)

LITTLE JAMES

(Concerning the Words of Cheer
With Which the Brave Serbians
Are Being Encouraged.)

"You're doin' fine," hollers th'
Allize back to th' Serbians; "jist
keep it up. If you cant lick them
thats 'Tosians an' 'Gerbians' mebbe
you can Ware 'em out Chasin' 'em
around an' then 'em'll Fall a Eey
Pray to us. Loor 'em into our Di-
redkahin an' we'll put on th' Fin-
ishin' Touches onto 'em."

Serbia yells to th' Allize to wait
till it can Ketch up to 'em with th'
Tootons in tow. "Hole on," cries
th' Serbians, "We got 'em here all
Rite. Jus' look at us an' if you Wait
a Minit, we'll have 'em jist where you
want 'em."

Th' Allize bein' more in th' Dis-
tance now, yells back, "Keep a comin'
with 'em but we aint got no Time

now to stop here to Slottet 'em;
we're goin' to try to find a Place in
Greece where you can Bring 'em to
an' where th' Ground aint so hard
to Dig graves into fer to Bury 'em.
Bring on th' Dutch but you neednt
Hurry so fast. Don't crowd onto us
this away fer it's agoin' to take
Some time fer us to fix up th' Tooton
Semiery fer th' Foss an' 'Gressers
of Serbia. Keep us yer Heart an'
Don't neglect yer Heels at th' Same
time neether.

"You want to foller th' Example
of th' Belgians. They put their faith
into us. They knode 'at with us
Allize behind 'em they wasn't no
Danger an' they Loored th' Germans
rite up too our Trenches. Th' Only
mistake they made was 'at they
Loored too many of 'em at Wunst
so's 'at we coudnt stop th' Rush
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note of Heard 'at the Belgians aint
got no country of their own Temp'ra-
ryly an' they aint got no Place at
Home fer their Government, but we
done th' Rite thing by King Albert.
We tole him 'at he could set up his
Throne anywhere he felt like in th'
British Empire or anywhere in
France 'at aint been Collized by
th' Dutch yit an' he neednt haffe to
pay no Rent."

"You Serbians aint got no Kick
comin' yit an' you wont have none
if you foller us. What if you have
lost your Varyous Capities in Quick
Succession, we Understand 'at th'
Serbian Navy is still Inack yit."
"The Italians cries to th' Serbians:
'Be of Good Cheer; we're goin' to
send Reinforcement as soon as we
can Git A round to it. All we got
to do now is to Capcher Gorizia an'
th' lost of th' Austrian towns an'
then we'll put a Jist through th'
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Oray to go on Purrin' soil an' Dan-
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to Law so's 'at th' Tootons wont
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th' Wars over. Don't you worry
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We wish 'at you'd Rite us
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Peter Forwaded to from Time to Time
so we Understand 'at he's Movin'
around a Goodish."

LITTLE JAMES.

So, his inclination carries,
Along the Julius and the Marys,
And a half a dozen others
Taken singly out to lunch.
But at last, he has decided
That not one shall be eluded;

Each shall be his dainty dainties—
All the whole delightful bunch.

Maidens do not squirm, nor quibble,
Let the playful golden nibble
Following his own sweet fancy.

When to bite the baited hook,
When you come to understand him,
One of you will surely land him;

That if you are not disappointed—
There are others in the brood!

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In Kansas, when the sunflower was
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